A TADPOLE ON A LILYPAD
by Andrew “Change” Huang

gray sky, tipping rain,
dangles over leafless trees.
a tadpole goes *splash!*
an echoing *splash*—
selfishly masked by the rain—
mimics the bare trees.

no longer a seed—
a froglet boldly goes *boing*,
following the sun.
all morning long, the low sun
comforts the late-summer seeds.
a toad is hopping: *splash, boing!*